A BREEF DISCOVR

wherin is declared, ỏ ỳ trauailes an
miseries of this painful life, & that death is t
dissolver of mans miserie. Gathered out of
uers good writers, by Leonard Stanley. Wh
vnto is annexed the Authors muse of this life
in English Verse and his prayer like-
wise of Vertue, Felici
true Gentilitie

Cicero. 1. Tuscul.
Moriendum est omnibus: ea
Miseriæ in morte.

Death draweth on
We must be gon,
From Bed to Beer:
In time repent,
Thy life ill spent,
Whiles thou art heer.
For after death
Hath stopt our Breth,
We shall be sure:
In Heauen to dwel
Or els in Hell
Where paines indure.

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Gold & Riches mens vain 18 to 22. fo. 26_28

To the Right Worshipfull ... ent and graue knight, ... Robert VVingfeeld of ... Leonard Stauley wit... of worship, Uertue ... liuing, with Nestors yeres, Crœsus welth, and Galliens happy helth.

FOr as much (Right vvorshipfull) as I finde in sundry histories of antiquitie, of the thãkfulnes of diuers kindes of beasties (vvhich vvant reason and vnderstanding) shevved vnto their Benefactors, and for that I vvere very lothe to be included in the number of vnthankfull Creatures: I haue therfore presumed by this little trifle, vpon the curteous inclination of your gentle nature vvhich to all men is apparant, to shevve my self to be an other poore Sinatas vvhose good vvil and thankfullnes in hart and minde, I trust you vvil vvay asvvel in a drop of svveet running vvater as if it vvere a gift of some precious or more greater value. For as I remember Erasmus in his vvittie Apothegmes

ſaith that, *Donum quodcunque dat aliquis, proba: & Munerum animus eſt optimus.*

But paraduenture your vvorship vvil meruail vvhy I (beīg one of ſmall or no vnderſtanding) haue attempted to put my Pen to the paper to vvrite of a more vvaightyer matter thē my vvittes or learning are able to attaine vnto. The trueth is though I neuer vvent further then a little in the Grammer Schole (yet by common experience, reading of bookes, and mine ovvne induſtry and trauel) I haue conceiued ſome thing. For vvhen I conſider the ſundry miſchaunces of fickle Fortune (if any ſuch thing there be:) the miſerable eſtate of mankinde, novv puffed vp in Pompe of all Pleaſures, novv throvvne dovvn into the dungion of all dolors, anon commeth a flovving flud, by and by a lovve eb vvater: ſo that the vncertaintie of this vaine fleeting life may be vvell compared to a violent flood, vvhich is quick in rynſing, ſvvift and troubleſome to paſſouer, enduring but for a vvhile in one condition and certentie. VVherfore theſe (as the firſt

The Epiſtle Dedicatorie.

frutes of my good vvil vvhat ſoeuer they be) I haue dedicated to your vvoorships Patronage, vnder vvhoſe Sheeld of defence a number of afflicted members haue ſure ſauegard, and gentle refuge, amongſt vvhome I am one, vvho am bound by double dutie & vvil be preſt (if ſeruice by hand or hart may doo any thing) to you and yours for euer.

But for aſmuch as the hugenes of the head defaſeth a little ſlender body, and a tedious tale may breed ſome offence, & leſt in lengthning myne Epiſtle I ſhould diſgrace that ſmall thing vvhich followveth, heer in breef I vvil end, remembring that a little Muſicque to the heauy hart is often found more delightfull and pleaſant then a great deal of vntunable melody.

Your vvoorships moſte humbly to commaund during life, Leonard Staueley.

¶ *Verſes Written vpon the name of the Right Woꝛſhipfull Sir Robert Wingfeeld Knight.*

R egarding right, way wel in minde,
O f life and death the end of all,
B e ware of freends that are vnkinde,
A nd ſeek to kill by curteous call,
R ecoyle from him which layes a net:
T hy ſilly Soule in ſinne to get.

VV ith harty looue like wel that frend
Y n vvhome great vviſdome dooth remain
N ecleCting vice, ſo in the end
G reat gifts of God thou ſure ſhalt gaine.
F lee ſwift vvith (Wing) and vvin the (Feeld)
E xtolling Gods vvoord ſtill on hye
L iue vvel, liue euer, to Vertue yeeld,
D red God and Prince, moſte carefully.

K eepe Conſcience pure, and pary to God
N ot liuing like an Epicure,
I f that thou dooſt his heauy rod,
G reat plagues and vvoes thou ſhalt endure
H eauens bleſſe the race being gody run
T he guerdon is vvhen lifeis doon.

Stand ſtedfaſt. L. S.

¶ To the curteous and freendly Reader.

AS I haue seen by diuers and learned woorks (moste gentle Reader) that there was neuer yet any matter so handled/but some fault hath escaped, so for want of skill (in mine owne doings, Lacking the benefit of exact knowledge) I haue rūne a Rouing wout any order in my writinges. But such as it is I present to thy frendly reading, wherin I haue declared some parte of mans intollerable passions & fraitie, for redres wherof I say that *death is the dissolver of his miserable misery.*

If I gain thy good woord I haue my desire, but if I reap thy reproch: thou shewest but thy noysom nature wherfore (hoping the best:) I wish thee vse this til time afford better, & as I heer of thy freendly report: so wil I write of other matters to thy contentation, profit: and pleasure. *et sic Vale.*

Samuel

I Rashly pend, doo spring from barren braine,
A simple mēe, in prose for to declare: (pain
vvhat sorovves sovver, vvhat greefs & pic̄king
This life dooth bring, vvherby vve may prepare,
VVith death to Christe avvay frō hence to fare.
VVherfore in gree accept vvhat heer is said:
Since meer goodvvil vvas cause that he it made

I shovve in breef hovv Vertue vvinneth Fame
Hovv she alone brings true Felicitie:
Hovv all that is on earth is nought but vain,
And hovv vve ought esteem Gentilitie.
Misconster nothing that thou spiest in me,
So by that meanes thou vvin'st his hart and all:
In prompteſt vvise to pleasure thee at call.

Blame not his skil,
for of good vvil
From him I came:
as only mean,
To purge him clean
of thankles name.

As dooth behoove,
let him thy loove,
And good vvoord gain-
abandon Spite,
So maiest thou quite
his little pain.

Loove is a solace.

SWeet is ỹ smel, which pleaseth all mens sent,
Wel can he write, which seeth euery vain
If this smel swet to those who hath it sent,
The Author hath his hire for his pain.

To showe and prowe wise Solons saying true,
Til Death, that none can be a happy man:
Good Staueley showes by that which hath ensus,
And with his pen it prowes, as best he can.

If paine for others gaine, deserue but wel,
If toyle for common weale be worthy prayse:
Commend the Author then, who showes his skil,
To profit thee, and others, with his phrase.

His willing minde to write, do not reprehende,
All spiteful termes for enuious men reserue:
Let Staueley for his paine, obtain thy lowe,
And with him wel, as wel he hath deserue.

FINIS. T. F.

William Brogdon in prayse of the Authors trauaile.

MVse you that list from whence I came,
or what good Stanely ment:

VVhose care vvas such to vvorke the vvay,
for vvhich his time vvas spent,
Read you vvhat he hath careful vvrit,
and follovv you his lore:
So death thou shalt learne to contemne,
that dreaded death before.
It's follye for to feare that thing,
vvhich no man can eschevv:
Liue then to day as thou vvouldest dye.
so Stanley vvilles thee dov.
He tels thee vvhat thy life it is,
and vvhat thyne end must be:
To day a man, to morovv none,
bypreese vve knovve and see.
VVhat troubles are in vvretched life,
and vvhat hangs ouer head:
Thou mayst beholde and heer for see,
vvhich oft thou doost not dread.
VVhich may thee teach for to be vvise,
hovv thou heerafter liues:
Eschevv the eeil. embrace the good,
as Stanley Counsail giues.
And so farvvel and him doo think,
vvhich for thee tooke such paines.
His study is not for himself,
but thou the profit gaines.

If

If thou this platforme follow will
which freendly he beſtowes:
Then shalt thou surely liue to liue,
as he in sequel showes.
Finis. VV. B.

Oſwald Speed to the Reader.

AS many men, ſo many wittes,
Some lothe that which other loue:
And one thing neuer all men fits,
As this my freend ſhall proue.
Whats ſome mans meat, doth poyſon ſome:
And this mans bliſſe is that mans dome.
In reading ſome condemneth thole,
That in the plaineſt ſort:
His meaning to them doth diſcloſe,
And ſome again report
[illegible], that hath the beſt ieſt deine:
[illegible] the reſt debarren braine.
Another ſort doth him commend,
That trauys in middle ſtream:
Not much affecting, to offend,
Nor yet without it clean.
So one for this, and ſome for that do call:
That one man cannot pleaſe them all.

So be my friend that writ this Booke,
Would willingly delight
All those, that on the same do looke,
If possibly he might.
He seeketh nothing for his paine
But Readers liking for to gaine.

And thus fare you well,
The best is soone said,
As well as the worst:
This all men can tell,
It is not best made:
That's done at the first.

Finis. Q. Ofwold Speed.

HAuing taſted of the inſatiable ſea of ſo wilſing ſorowes, and dronk of the careful cup of peruerce pertur bations aſwel of minde as of body: I finde by proof that dreadfull Death (at the naming wherof we tremble, is the diſſolner of our cõtinuall cares, troubleſome cogitations & mans moſte miſerable miſery, which to approue & verifie, let vs firſt call vnto remembrance ỳ grieuous gronings of our painful Parents in the time of our natiuitie and education.

For with what weping, wayling, ſobing and ſighing at our firſt enterance into this vale of miſery are we beyond all meaſure moſte greuouſly afflicted?

The very watchings ỳ colde and long winter nights, the riſing, ỳ rocking ỳ lulling, ỳ lamẽting & all toaſſwage our paſſions intollerable (which we thẽ ſcarſly knowe although we moſte sharpely feel) might be a meane to daunt our haughty harts, & to abandon our lewd liues, liuig in theſe careful calamities oppreſſed wᵗ ſorowes innumerable. But (alas) the firſt Act being finiſhed: we enter into another kinde of life (ſeuere and ſtrict, as younglings do think it) which is going to ſcole to lern ỳ precepts of Philoſophie, & wayes to vertu, wherby we become of monſters: men, of ſenceleſſe ſoules: learned lights, (notwithſtanding indeed ſome for the attaining therof bide many a ſharp

shower, with carefull and grieuous correction) which in my minde might often be wun sooner with mildnes of the Maister, then with much seuerities. When we haue got learning, by reason whereof we are called in the Commonwelth, to some publike Office, and are the meter to deale in our priuat affaires, wherin our studyes are incessant, our cares continuall, & our seruice moste painful to performe our pretended purposes and the discharge of our desired duties. Yea, hear beginneth the tragicall discourse of our grieuous groninges & vnfortunat troubles, at which time we think to reap some solace for our late sustained forowes, but euen then a thousand of troubles, nay a hel of miseries vpon our heads, when we think our selues in greatest safetie and moste securitie. For Matrimony so pricketh vs diuers wayes as scarsly can we bend our studyes to any good perfection, it taketh away our liked libertie and bringeth these incombrances, a Jangling wife, vnquiet Children, brawling (& sometimes) vntrustie seruants, with innumerable such like torments, therfore all these being wel waied, it may seem to the vertuous and honest minde, such a warfare of woes, and such a tempest of troubles as he might think (and iustly say) that Death is the loser of mans moste lamentable liuing, and the dissolucr of this wretched state & cares incomperable

perable. Moreouer there is such Enuy in many, such Pride in generall, and such lusting for gain: as the vnquietnes of this life is rather to be loued, then the pleasuers therof to be wished or desired. Do we not see, what priuie detracting, what Enuious maligning, what cruell conspiring, and all for offices, liberties and worldly liuing. The husbandman not content with his estate, lusteth to liue like a Lord rather then an inferior person and would become of worse then a yeoman: a gentleman and so forwards. But marke the vnquietnes of their mindes. for though no delay may daunt them, no calamities controule them: yet the supernall powers perceiuing their ambitious intention in a moment (by Death) throweth downe hedlong they vainly pretended and deuelishly attempted.

O if we which beare the names of men, would but once remember the end of all which is Death, assuredly, assuredly, their would burning hatred be cold, feigned malice lye dead and be quite quenched in the ashes. But care to maintaine this life in abundance, ambition, pomp, pleasures, riches, ryot, libertie, fame, good fortune, fauour, friendship and worldly countenance is so superabundant, as neither can we take our desired rest quietly, nor drink merily, nor do any moderate action to the contentation of our afflicted mindes, forgetfully

woully are we turned on the whéel of carking ca-
re continually. I haue red in the auncient Annu-
alls of the renowmed Romains of ẏ ciuil warres
betwixt the puisant Pompey and the corragious
Cæsar, only for Ambition and desire of a sole Re-
giment, whose cares were continuall, the one
seeking the ouerthrowe of ẏ other, which Death
first vsing the Tutors of young Ptolome as his
instrument slew Pompeyus and sent his head vn
to Cesar, who seeing it: (as writers report) wept.
But by ẏ hands of Brutus and Cassius, Cæsars life
was shortly after finished, for they in the stately
Senat house of Rome gaue three and twentie
wounds with Penknives or bodkins most cru-
elly bereuing Cæsar of his lofty life. O detestable
desire of glory, Oh deuelish deuice for honor, Oh
vāquisher of Vertue, couldst thou not be satisfied
vntil thou hadst the life of godly Cæsar, who (as
Ignatius saith) was most wise in counsail, ful of
eloquence, profound in wisoome, valiant in
strength of body, expert in marshall affaires, and
finally in him no excellent qualitie lacked ẏ was
requisit for any noble man? I could tell you like-
wise how Tiberius was dispatched by the hands
of Caligula for the government and domination
of the Empier of the Romains, and how Caligula
had his deadly wound of Tiberius Drusus, who
gouerned a short time, the Regiment of that king
dome

done to infinite such like. Thus may you se here that Death hath ended their couetous conceits and auaricious desires, spoyled their wilful wils, and restrained their wicked entents. Death is fearefull, yea but the loue of eternall life is more to be feared, death depriueth vs of honors, worldly renowme, riches, friends, parents and children: yea but if we forgoe the Crowne of immortall glory, the heauenly riches, the company of our dear friends Moyses and the Prophets, and the societie of our first parents Adam & Eue, and their children, Seth, Enos, Kenam, Mehalael, Iered Henoch, and Methuselah, who liued in this pilgrimage nine hundreth threescore & nine yeares, this is a greater losse & much more to be feared. Death abandoneth our delicate delights, our pleasant pastimes, our worldly solace, & taketh from vs all our daggesgolde of & siluer, our treasures, our famous buildings & all the rest of our ioyes. Yea but in lieu of them it restoreth vs to a celestiall place ful of blessednes & inspeakable felicities
1 Cor 2. 9. which no eye hath seen, no eare hath heard, no hart can conceiue, nor no tung able to vtter. In this place is a heauenly Ierusalem where all ioyes incomparable are to be found, and sorowes vtterly exiled. But peraduenture some one will say, I liue a quiet life, I haue the good gifts of Fortune, the neuer frowneth on me, my neighbours enuy

not my estat of worldly felicitie, nor my happy proceedings, and I have mountaines of welth and no man hateth me but I have many frends by reason of my golde, and therfore by this means I can procure my estate, pleasure, welth, life and liberty to my liking. O vain man, dost thou not knowe that thy state is so much the more miserable, by how much the more thou esteemest of thy self and those transitory things: For I assure the moste wretched is he that never hath tasted any misfortune, and he is hated of the Gods that never feeleth any troubles. Demetrius calleth a quiet life without aduersitie Mare mortuum, a dead sea. Policrates a tirant of the Samians, whose good fortune was such as he never felt any mischaunce in all his life time, faning towardes his death, who being wery of his continuall ioy and gladnes, rowing in a vessell for his pleasure in the deepe of the Chanell and meaning to turne his present good hap to changeable & inconstill fortune, wilfully cast a precious Ring of golde having a Pearle in it of inestimable value into the waues of the sea, which a hungry fish snapped vp the same, & fled of other seruing, which being presently taken with Fishermen & presented into the Kitchin of Policrates for her singuler rarenes: the Cooke vpping the belly wherein they found this Ring, took and deliuered it to his maister. Although Policrates

Iscrates did no wrtde on ỹ top of Fortunes wheel, yet at the last the wheel turned and he had a great fall, for in the warres which were between him and Darius king of the Persians, Orantes the cheef Captain or Lieutenant of Darius took him prisoner, & after moste painful and terrible torments: caused him to be honge vpon a gibet vpon the top of a steep hill, or mighty mountaine. O blinde & vnstable fortune. Hadst not ben better for Policrates now and then to haue tasted some of thy lower sops of sorow, and sometimes to haue dronk of ỹ bitter drink of Aduersitie then altogither in his drauen iollitie not only to lose his kingdde but also his ver life in moste shamefull maniere As ỹ then dedst with him: so since hast dne vnto others thy guests in like sort.

But yet you think that golde can redeem you from great, Siluer from sorowe, and deds from Death, no I tell you they are rather meanes to hasten your dispatch, then to linger your delay. For (as Dion reporteth) Aristippus a very wise Philosopher had a seruant who was ouer charged with the waight and charge of his Maisters money, therfore hindred by his maister to cast away the ouerplus and carry that which he might with his ease, which done: Aristippus happening to be on the Sea with Pirats threw all his Golde and Siluer into the waues therof, saying: better it

were that all this gere be throwne away by Aristippus then Aristippus by them: meaning that the keeping of the money might procure him a small day be being in ꝑ company of such false and fained frends.

Not much unlike to this I find (as the worthy Poets record in their moste sacred Verses,) how Arion the excellent and cunning Musition, who for to encrease his knowledge in forren contries, and to augment his estate in gathering golde, for sake Lesbos his owne native soyle and Contry, and sayling into Scicile remained there a season, from thence he traueled into Italie, where having got his wished desire of gaine, and pretending to passe to Corinth being a Ship bound in moste safty as he thought with his owne countriemē, they understanding what riches he had: sought by all meanes priuily how to slay him: but he perceiuing their intent: desired of the to take his golde and other treasures and sane his life, which they would not agree vnto, but graunted him that he should throwe him self into the waues of the Sea headlong and so stoppe his breth for that he should not bewray their mischeuous Act of Robbery, wherfore with abundance of teares: he requested the Partiners, nay rather Theues and Pirats (for no other terme can I better giue the) to grant him his lamentable Lute, and eke his mourning

Weab,

Rock, which being obtained, he sung to his solemn Lute a sorry song, and so amiddest the surging Seas did see the face of Death yet being alive, But for all that he was deliuered by the help of a Dolphin fish who presently receiued him on her back and mosst safely conuaied him a shore when he least looked for any such mater.

I remember that the renowned Poet Maro in his Eneidos of the destruction of ỳ famous Citie of Troy writeth how the ancient and wise King Priamus fearing lest the mightie Grecians should ouerthrowe and vtterly destroy all ỳ regall blood and Issue there: sent his yungest sõne Polidorus to his cosen Polimnestor being a King, hauing a great sume of Golde with him to minister vnto the Infant necessaries. Polimnestor made much of Polidorus so lõg as his Father Priamus liued, but he being dead: the cruell Tirant for the greedines of his golde, slew him mosst vnnaturally to his shame, dishonor, reproch, and perpetuall infamie. Wherin we may perceiue what little sauegard is in golden riches, & how vnstable fortune is, somtimes fauning, sõtimes frowning, somtime content, somtimes displeased, and lastly the little loue of fained frends & vnkind kinsmen for their priuate profit how it is soon forgotten and ended, so that we may wel think, it is better to rest from our Labours then with paine continually to toyl against

againſt nature, the cõmon miſerie, ỹ vnknowne paines, the pinching penurie, the ſobbings, the ſorowings the trauelings, ỹ toylings, the ſower Breed of heauynes, the bitter drink of carefulnes, the afflictions, as impriſonmẽt, death, Fire and ſword, which before our eyes we ruefully do beholde, the innocent oppreſſed, the poore man perſecuted, the rich man regarded, Falſhod fauored, Truetly neglected & all godnes quite deuoured, doth or may driue vs to think ỹ happy and thrise happy is he that hath paſſed this laborſome Labourinth in the pathes of Vertue, godnes & honeſty, and come to the happy Hauen of reſt & quietneſſe which is through Death the diſſoluere of mans miſery. For what other thing meanes the Poets whẽ they paint out Vliſſes, tedious troubles, his perilous paſſages, ſomtimes lighting on Polyphemus a terrible Giant redy to deuower him, ſomtimes on the wanton Dame Calipſo redy to allure him, otherwhiles paſſing by the Hoares where the ſubtel Sirens were redy to drowne his Barke by the inchãtment of their meruelous Melody, for the reſiſting wherof (being gouerned by the graue aduice of prudent Pallas) he was faine to ſtop his eares with wax, to binde him ſelf to the Maſt of the ſhip & to feed of the ſweet hearb Molie which was giuen him by Mercury to auoid all the incantations of Circe, with the reſt of like

trecherie

trechery? Nothing I say but to paint out vnto vs (as in a glasse) that Man is a mirrour of misery, subiect to many hard aduentures, and in daunger of many perils: Sathan our olde Enemie ready to pray on vs if our owne mighty captain Christe were not (in our distresses) redy to defend vs against his subtil assaults, without all doubt we should sone become Bondslaues to all sinne and iniquitie, the wanton Allurements and wicked entisements of Dame Pleasures with her mising mates are so dyersed vp in gallant bravery as hardly can we sane our Warkes and bodyes from drowning in the waues and wrecks of wicked vanitie, were it not ỹ our great God Iehouah the heauenly wisdome by his good Counsaile doth giue vs Vertuous Precepts of good liuing to the contrary. I cānot forget the notable misfortunes and euill chaunces of Oedipus (written by Euripides) in slaying his Father Laius marrying his owne Mother Iocasta of whom he begat his two infortunat sonnes Polynices and Etrocles, who after the Citizens of Thebes had exiled their Father: fel in contention one with another for the seat of gouernment. For the greef of these former wickednes Oedipus plucked out his owne eyes and became an exile, and would often if his Daughter Antigone had not hindered him with glistering blade wrought his owne finall destruc

tio.

tion, but he often wished to dye in vaine, yet at the last he was with a flame of lightning from heauen suddenly stroken to death. The meaning as we may partely gather by sence & reason is, ỹ the wickednes of our desires in Venus deuelish delightes are so great ỹ (for ỹ attaining therof) we will not let to murther our Parents, kinsmen & friends yea & then to mary in our owne blood and consanguinitie, wherupon it comes to passe ỹ our offspring, our children or soe of them throughout the sinns of the Parents violently and with all rigor seek by all meanes to persecute one another, yea euen to Death. All which detestable dealings being seen of ỹ thundering Iupiter: he of his mercy striketh vs warres with his Rod of correction and whippeth vs with his scourge of vengeance by lightenings, thunderings, earthquakes, Tempests, strange noyses, rumors of warres, visions, inundations of waters, Pestilences, new and strange diseases called Gentle warnings, and sometime sudden Death to the no we might repent vs of our sinne and be the more redier when awful Atropos shall with her deadly darte summon vs before the great and terrible Iudge, either to our saluation if we repent and amend: or els to our condemnation if we liue and dye without repentance. Now what is the life of man wherof he so much boasteth? I will answer partly with Arist

totle

tvtle, the play of Time, the play of Fortune, the image of vnconſtancie, the ſlaue of Enuy, the ſea of wordly calamitie: a fading flower, a buble of water, a blaſt of winde, a fleeting ſhadow, a ſmothering ſmoke, a peeuiſh pilgrimage: a ſlumbering ſleep (which as graue Homer tearmeth it) is the brother of Death, a Stage play the Acts wherof are vncertain and the length before we come to the Cataſtrop or end of our Comicall action is inforſed with infinit miſcheſes, the reiecter where of is dolful Death that inuincible Champion. For euen as he which ſaileth on ẏ Sea by wide, time, and tides whether he be ſitting or ſtanding, lying or going, ſleeping or waking at laſt (all perils paſſed:) entreth the wiſhed port of ſaftie. So the life of man by courſe of age and yeres wil he nil he (how ſoeuer he ſpend his tickled time:) continually is caried to ẏ end of his painful dayes, and to ẏ finiſhing of his carefull courſe to ẏ happy bar borow of eternall life, for as life flieth away with the wings of time: ſo Death draweth on with the feet of age. But forasmuch (as Enius thinketh) that that Death is not to be lamented the which immortall Fame foloweth. Therfore he which hath ſung much is not the beſt muſicion, nor he that hath gouerned the ſhip longeſt is the perfecteſt Pilot, nor he that hath bin longeſt at the Vniuerſitie is the beſt ſtudent: but he which hath

don it the soonest, quickliest, and perfectest. So to knit vp in breef (if already I haue not been to tedious) I will end saying y^t not he which liueth longest is moste blessedest because of his siluer heres and long time: but he which hath liued wel and sonst trod his footsteps in the path of Vertue, and dyed an honorable Death, is the man that may be accounted moste happyest.

Death dissolueth Dollers.

The Authors muse vpon this life in manner of a Dittie.

Musing in my restiue minde,
of this vaine fleeting life:
By perfect proofe this do I finde,
tis nothing els but strife.
Which when I see the pinching, (paine
wherwith poore men are prest:
I deeme him happiest that hath this gaine,
by Christe eternall rest.
For heer I see our cares abound,
and sorowes still encrease:
And neuer lin til vnder ground,
our corps do lye at ease.
Our labor then is ended sure,
and blessedst is that wight.

That

That greateſt greefs did here endure,
and led a life moſte right.
For heer ſuch ſpitefulnes doth raine,
ſuch ſwelling pryde aloft:
Such ſeeking all for worldly gain,
ſuch ſinne ſo deerly bought.
Such carking cares to keep this life,
in braueſt port and Fame:
Such ſeeking ſtil for pleaſures ryfe,
ſuch follyes fond and vaine.
Such breaking ſleeps, ſuch tugging toyle,
ſuch watchings and ſuch wiles:
Such ſeeking one of others foyle,
ſuch teares of Crocodiles.
Such laying traps for th'innocent,
ſuch ſeeking of his blood:
Such ſubteltie, when truth is ment,
ſuch ill, ſuch little good.
Such working woe to harmeles harts,
ſuch cloking vice and ſinne:
Such playing of moſte cruell partes,
ſuch luſtes our lines are in.
Such framing of ſweet hunnyed talk,
ſuch luring of the wicked wil:
Such going wrong, that few right walke,
ſuch fightes the ſoule to ſpil.
Such ielious fits, ſuch frantick partes,
ſuch anger all for nought:

Such close deceits in holow harts,
such secret mischæfs wrought.
Such facyng of fine forgid tales,
such swearing all for pence:
Such falshod bothe in waights and scales,
such sauing of erpence.
Such little hospitalitie vsed,
such pinching of the poore:
Such forsing them to be abused,
such Vice don euery ower.
Such haunting of vile Venus trulles,
such brawling for their cause:
Such cutting, slashing, knocking skulls,
such breaking of the lawes.
Such Auarice in euery man,
such Vsury out of measure:
Such tossing of Liæus Can,
such spending of their treasure.
Such biting with malicious tunges,
such scoffing at the wise:
Such slothfulnes, such open wrongs,
such stormes do still arise.
As when I think vpon this life,
which nothing is (I say:)
But only cares and mortall strife,
and smoke that flyes away.
Then happy ten times blest is he,
whose ruthful race is run:

And

And doth enioy Felicitie,
when all his cares are done.
Which mightie Ioue graunt vs I pray
The true Felicitie:
That we may at our ending day,
Receiue his great glory.
And that likwiſe her in this vale,
of ſorowes and of mone:
We may enioy withoutten faile,
heauens bliſſe when life is gon.
Our gratious Queen Elizabeth,
do keep O Lord we pray:
In glorious pomp, and after Death,
in ioyes that reſt ſhe may.
Amen.

Life is ſtrife.

His prayse of Vertue, Felicitie, and Gentilitie.

To the curteous and gentle Reder.

THeſe ſimple lines which heer I written haue
Declare the force of Vertues good effect:
(Good Reader) beare with rudenes mine I craue,
For here therby no man I wil detect.
Vprightly iudge and then I need not feare:
But thou with it in freendly ſort wilt beare.

Iudge iuſtly.

In prayse of Vertue.

Vertue only bringeth Felicitie.

Although Apollos filed phrase,
and Pallas learned skill:
Within my brest tok neuer place,
to feed my muse at will.
Yet I like Pan in rurall rithme,
for good will that I beare:
Unto the race of Gentlemen,
will wright as shall apper.
It is not Fame ne flattering force,
ne hordes of heaped golde:
But onely Vertue forceth me,
this sentence to vnfolde.
Dame Vertue she that heauenly Quéen,
and Perragon of price:
Is only cause that silly soules,
to honor do arise.
She bringeth true felicitie,
and Vice she doth expell:
She teacheth how to feare the Lord,
and saue thy soule from hell.
I read a wise Philosopher,
which Aristotle hight:
In stately stile, hath left her force,
apparant to our sight.

Saying

Saying: that Vertue aptest is,
to those of youthfull race:
A pleasant thing to ancient men,
to Riche a goodly grace.
And to the poore she profit bringes,
aduaunncing him ful hye:
For Vertue only is the cause,
of true Felicitie.
Vnnoble men she noble makes,
and glory is their hap:
Whose chaunce is such to take their ease,
in Vertues lulling lap.
A solace she to woful wights,
whome carking cares oppresse:
She bringes them perfect Patience,
and makes their greef seem lesse.
Who sowes the seeds of Vertue swéet,
shall reap eternall Fame:
And true Fame ouercommeth Death,
through Vertue this we gaine.
A Sage of Grééce was asked once,
what thing to man was best:
Euen Vertue (answered he) because,
in her consists great rest.
Without the which no good thing may
once wrought or spoken be:
For she alone brings perfect blisse,
and true Felicitie.

Wise Solon tolde rich Crœsus King,
it was not flowing welth:
Ne strength of men, ne Tagus sands,
Ne Gallens mery helth.
Ne Lordships great, ne honors hye,
ne Pleasures hunnyed bait:
That happy made his sitting dayes,
his frail and brittle state.
But if he made a godly end,
and vertuously did dye:
Ye, he, it is that knowes the vse,
Of trus Felicitie.
But now who vertus doth frequent?
who seeks this virgin pure?
Euen men of baseſt Parents born,
whom Honors do allure.
Minerua ioyn'd with Diligence,
makes many worthy be:
Because that Vertue giues the light,
of trus Felicitie.
The ancient race of Gentlemen,
haue wun theire Shields of Armes:
Through Vertue and through valiancie,
defending Prince from harmes.
But now a dayes some Gentlemen,
do giue bothe speare and shield:
Although indeed they neuer came,
in any foughten field.

Nor yet by Counsail graue at home,
did profit Common welth:
But sought their owne vtilitie
and eke their priuate helth.
Golde makes the Heraldes paint such forth,
as liketh best their haps:
Yet Apes are Apes though golden Roabs,
oft times be on their backs.
True Gentlemen of worthy race,
through Armor, Speare and Shield.
Haue won their Armes by dint of sword,
and push of Pikes in feld.
But now (alas) I must lament,
that Gentlemen of Fame:
Let passe their ancient Gentery,
forgetting clean the same.
Some scrape vp goods by crafty meanes,
Some royally all spend:
Some through excesse of pounsing pride,
are brought to balefull end.
By thousand meanes good Gentlemen,
are brought to dire decay:
The reason is, that vertues loare,
in them doth beare small sway.
Vpstarts contrarily, attend,
on Vertues rayall traine:
From step to step, from grace to grace,
til honors top they gaine.

It is better farre a mean man born,
in Vertue to excéd:
Then one who Vice doth still frequent,
though Gentle man indéed.
For noblenesse begins in him,
and in the other dye:
Which doth apper that Vertue brings
the true Felicitie.
Who now is the true Gentleman?
euen hée. (as Seneca said)
Whome Nature with Minervas skill,
to Vertues lore hath made.
If any man to prayse thou chaunce,
becauls he Gentle is:
His Parents and his Ancestors,
thou prayslest them iwis.
It is not Parents progenie,
(As Ouid doth vs tell:)
But Vertue maketh Gentlemen,
alone for to excell.
Wherfore to Gentle men I write,
your ancient blods renew:
With Vertuous Artes and Gentlenesse,
bid filthy Vice adieu.
And as the names of Gentlemen,
deseruedly you haue:
So frame your lines that you may passe,
with Vertus hence to graue.

Let

Let Iuſtice mixt with Mercyes meed,
And Wiſdome be your guide:
Riches contemn, and Pleaſures hate,
from Faith do neuer ſlide.
Pride, Couetouſneſſe, Ambition,
Vnreuerentneſſe likewiſe
Vaine glory, Diſcord, Enuy eke,
at any hand deſpiſe.
Be humble to inferiors,
and haue a lowly hart:
Then will the common people ſay,
a Gentle man thou art.
Seek learnings deep Philoſophie,
and peace do thou enſue:
Hate ireful rage and tirannie,
and Backus bliſſe eſchew.
So in the end this glorious Gem,
Dame Vertue will thee giue:
A Garland of Immortall Fame,
wherby thou aye mayſt liue.
For after Death our Vertues raines,
wherby we neuer dye:
But ſinde that ſhe alone it is,
bringes true Felicitie.

Vertue winneth Woorshipe.

Ey.

Freendship.

The trueth lesse trust of fained frends,
the wayward wily wayes:
The deep deceits of hollow harts,
which hap in these our dayes.
The silly soule so sone betrayd,
the Powre man so oppress:
That scarce Rich Dives will him giue,
a Crum to be refresht.
These things do moue my meetinge Muse,
of Frendship to declare:
That it a Vertus is wherwith,
no Jewell may compare.
The Spring wherby our life is fed,
the Jewell of our ioye:
The very meane which helps the hart,
all sorowes to destroy.
In time of great prosperitie,
a pleasure to the minde:
A solace in Aduersitie,
a faithful Frend we finde.
Fine Tullie termd a faithful frend
to be another I:
As who should say like to my self,
in euery property.
A faithfull frend is such a one,
as makes thy sore his smart:

The

The pricking of thy finger eke,
the pearling of his hart.
Thy misery his meetiue mone,
thy paine his present greef:
Thy sorowe sower his hatefull hap,
thy helth his sole relef.
In doutful dangers thou shalt finde,
that he wil do thee good:
And for thy sake not stint at all,
to spend bothe life and blood.
He sticketh fast at all assayes,
mischaunces him approue:
To be of truestie Troylus kinde,
in frendship and in loue.
Yts he who absent semes to be,
in presens euery houre:
Yea dead, aliue and all this springs,
through this moste fragrant flower.
The very mean wherof doth moue,
the fearse Barbarians minde:
In mysery aboue all welth,
a faithful frend we finde.
It is not flashing flames of fire,
his frendship may restrain:
Ne Midas muck, no Irus greef,
ne blisse ne pinching pain.
But like the purest Frankensence,
which yeldeth forth a smell:

ore ſweéter in the flame then out
experience this doth tel.
as the golden Glaſſewoorme ſhines,
moſte bryghteſt in the night:
miſerye tryes faithful fréend,
to be a truſty wight.
not vnlike the redolent Roſe,
of vnlyed Dammaſk kinde:
Which ſweéter is in ſtil then ſtalke,
as we by proofe do finde.
thagoras did once pronounce,
that Fréendſhip loue doth binde
nd in two bodyes faſt coniogne,
an equalneſſe of minde.
he Poet Empedocles ſaid,
that all things firme did ſtand:
a all the world and all therin,
vpholde by Fréendſhips hand,
gratitude neclecting loue,
and Fréendſhip put to flight:
his followes then an end of all,
life is diſſolued quite.
ertue begets this Iuell rare,
and it conſerues alwayes:
very fréendſhip Vertus is,
(as Ariſtotle ſayes.)
ſuch a League as neither time,
y péeceme le may deuide:

For

Nor Fancies fond affects nor fraud,
infringes at any tide.
A Frend will hazard life and limb,
yea goods yea welth and all:
Ere that he see his frend take harme,
in daunger dyre to fall.
Of Damons loue to Pithias,
example is lefe to vs:
Of Nisus and Euriolus loue,
the Poet doth discusse.
To Gysippus his frend did prowe,
a trusty Titus true:
And Theseus to Pirotheus,
like frendship did ensue.
Wise Sipio and Lelius,
in frendship did excell:
And Palemon with Crates eke,
for frendship bare the bell.
The loue of frendly Lincius,
(Iosephus writeth plaine:)
Unto his dere Artorius,
to their eternall fame.
And Ionathas sau'd Dauids life,
in sacred writ we finde:
So that no Jewell here on earth,
is like a frendly minde.
It is not strength of mightie men,
that frendship doth obtaine:

e heaps of Golde, but faithfulnesse,
and kindenes it doth gain.
indenes annext with Gentle deeds,
true frendship doth enflame:
nd Loyall lowes fidelitie,
doth still increase the same.
he likelynesse of manners makes,
coniunction of the minde:
nd Vertue ioynd with honestie,
true frendship firme doth binde.
ike will to like (the Prouerb saith,)
the Turtle lowes her make:
nd mournes til death for want of sight,
and all for frendships sake.
ut not lowe sone is could (some say,)
the sequell is to true:
nd faire words makes fooles faine,
which alwayes doth ensue.
he purest wine makes Winagre,
to be of sharpest kinde:
nd deepest lowe to deadliest hate,
is often chaungd we finde.
rue triall proueth trustinesse,
in trust is treason found:
Who climbs vpon a rotten bough,
may catch a fatall wound.
or in aduersities we see,
the flattering faithlesse frend:

A prety Pamphlet of

To start a side and here vs make,
in misery our end.
As Swallowes comes in somer time,
when pleasures growe full grẽn:
But when the winters rage comes on,
are no where to be sẽn.
So fained frẽnds when welth abounds
will speak what we do say:
But when as Fortune frownes on vs,
they quite do flẽ away.
Then are they like the Bẽ which hath, Bee.
the hunnie swẽt by kinde:
Within her mouth, but yet she beares,
a smarting sting behinde.
For as they erst with sugred words,
did promise golden grapes:
So now their Tippets clene they turne,
and leaue vs in the brakes.
In fellowship lyes faithed hid,
and fraud in frẽndly lookes:
And vnder swẽt and hunnied baites,
do lurke the harmful hookes.
In painted pots swẽt poyson is,
wherby our bane doth rise:
In clẽrest streme the vglyest Toade,
in grasse the Serpent lyes.
The filthy rotten bones some time,
in curious graues we finde:

And in a Iudas kisse there lyes, Matth. 26. 48. 49.
a priuie galling minde.
Like Siren with her siluer songs,
whose notes do oft allure:
The silly ship-man to the sands,
his death for to procure.
Or as the Crocodile who yelds,
a sory solemn sound:
Til she haue wrought the wailing wight,
lye sprawling on the ground.
The Spider weaues a curious web, Spider
the silly Flye to wile:
The woolfe doth weare a smiling face,
the Lambe for to beguile.
The Panthers breth doth sweetest smell,
when pray she doth ensue:
A frendly face meanes falsest faith,
experience is to true.
In frendship all that semes to shine,
it is not purest Golde:
For euery words is Gospell sure,
which Friers haue vs tould.
A Leaden Dagger oft is sound,
with in a golden sheath:
And sure a flattering faithlesse frend,
doth bring vs present death.
In extrem need when Fortune failes,
few frends a man shall finde.

But

But then like to the Reed they shake,
with every blast of winde.
In Prison if thou chaunce to lye,
when worldly welth doth faile:
My Skin is nearer then my Shirt,
this euer will be their tale.
Wherfore if I may Counsaile giue,
I wish thée to take héed:
Of him who beares a knife to kill,
yet weares a friendly wéed.
Let no faire words dim perfet sight,
but carefully beware:
Full sweetly doth the Fouler sing,
to catch the Bird in snare.
Be sure whom as thou mindst to make,
to be thy faithful frend:
Thou eat a peck of salt with him,
and thus I make an end.

No fraud to fained freendship.

9. Leonard Staueley.

¶ The cenſure of a freend concerning the former Verſes.

With freendships love you doo commend,
accoumpting it a Iewell rare:
And that ſo highly you extend,
ſuch prayſe as nothing may compare.
Vnto the ſame (ſo much of price:)
and truſt me, I like your deuice.

Indeed firm freendship nowu a dayes,
is very geaſon I ſpeke plaine:
For Sicophants deuiſe ſtill wayes,
falcely to flatter, fleere and faine.
For deep diſſembling nowu adoth reſt:
doutleſſe almoſte in euery breſt.

But wwhat mean I to ſpeake ſo blunt,
as to condemn ingenerall?
Although ſome faithleſſe freends be wwunt,
to haue diſembling at their call.
Yet ſome doo hap on ſuch a freend:
as faithfull bides vntil the end.

Prayſe after proofe.

Quoth Iames Yates.

UMI